Blood of the Daleks – Part 1

(An echoed scream from young woman LUCIE MILLER as though travelling from far away ... to the console room of the TARDIS.)
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell...?
THE DOCTOR: You'd better hold onto something.
LUCIE MILLER: What's happening?
THE DOCTOR: Systems going haywire! The TARDIS was trying to repel something, but...
LUCIE MILLER: Repel? But...
(Landing bump sound. LUCIE MILLER cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: I said hold onto something.
LUCIE MILLER: Do you even know what you're doing? Half these controls are held on by duct tape.
THE DOCTOR: Something disrupting the interface between the relative dimensions.
LUCIE MILLER: In English?
THE DOCTOR: That's all right, it's all right, it's all right. Levelling off. The old girl just had a few feathers ruffled, that's all.
LUCIE MILLER: Never mind your "old girl". What about me? These tights are new on.
THE DOCTOR: Something, some power, tore open a rift about two point four metres from where I'm standing.
LUCIE MILLER: This is supposed to be my first day at work, and now look - I've got ladders in me ladders.
THE DOCTOR: And whatever or whoever it was sent something through. Something with two arms, two legs, body heat, a heartbeat, an intruder. You.
LUCIE MILLER: Ah. Yeah. Intruder. Right.
THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, by the way, and this is my home. You're trespassing in my home.
LUCIE MILLER: That's one way of looking at it, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: So now you know who *I* am, I think the most pressing question is ... who are you?

LUCIE MILLER: Lucie Miller.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie Miller?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. That's me name, you asked, I'm telling yer.
THE DOCTOR: And that's it?
LUCIE MILLER: You want me middle names as well?
THE DOCTOR: Well ... have you got any?
LUCIE MILLER: That's for me to know and you to find out.
THE DOCTOR: Really? Look, just who the hell are you, a...
LUCIE MILLER: I just told yer.
THE DOCTOR: ... And what are you doing in my ship?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm not sure I like your attitude much.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: You heard. I'm not here by choice, you know.
THE DOCTOR: No, I didn't know, that's why I'm asking, so will you please...
LUCIE MILLER: Ooh, keep your hair on, lad. That is your hair, I take it?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Now, look...
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Don't start yelling at *me*. You could look at this from my point of view, you know.
THE DOCTOR: Your...? Okay, okay, okay. And what exactly is your point of view, Lucie Miller, who may or may not have a middle name?
LUCIE MILLER: Might have more than one, you know.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry?
LUCIE MILLER: Middle name. I might have three, for all you know.
THE DOCTOR: Now, look...
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Now, don't get all cobby again. I won't have you shouting at me, you hear me? I don't stand for that. I like to be treated with respect. You get me?
(THE DOCTOR sighs.)
THE DOCTOR: Yes, Lucie Miller, I get you, I just...
LUCIE MILLER: All I'm saying is that from my point of view, well ... there I am going about my

business, living my life...
THE DOCTOR: On Earth?
LUCIE MILLER: What? Yeah of course, on Earth. What do you think I am, a Martian or summat? So...
THE DOCTOR: Late Twentieth Century, judging by the clothes.
LUCIE MILLER: Excuse me?
THE DOCTOR: Nineteen Ninety-Eight?
LUCIE MILLER: Get stuffed! Wasn't even in my teens in Nineteen Ninety-Eight. I live in Two Thousand And Six. Why, what year do you live in, you weirdo?
THE DOCTOR: Weirdo?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, just look at yer. (Amused) A right frock-coated ponce.
THE DOCTOR: Well...
LUCIE MILLER: And that's what I'm saying, innit? I mean, from my point of view, you could just be some ... you know, alien weirdo who's...
THE DOCTOR: No - no, no...
(Bleeps of TARDIS controls.)
LUCIE MILLER: ... well, kidnapped me. What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Earth, Two Thousand And Six, somewhere in the North of England, judging by your accent. Er ... Preston should do.
LUCIE MILLER: Preston?! I'm not from Preston!
THE DOCTOR: I'm sure they've got a very good bus service to take you wherever you need to go.
LUCIE MILLER: But you...
THE DOCTOR: Time to go home, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, you miserable old...
(TARDIS noise again.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh no!
LUCIE MILLER: Here we go again. (Sigh.) You're a rubbish driver, you know that?

(People shouting. Very brief TARDIS materialisation sound. Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: So...
(THE DOCTOR speaks in background as though he is still inside the TARDIS while LUCIE MILLER is outside)
THE DOCTOR: (background) Don't go out. I haven't taken any readings yet. It could be dangerous.
LUCIE MILLER: Is this what usually happens?
THE DOCTOR: (background) Ah, never mind.
LUCIE MILLER: God! It really just is a funny old blue box thing, innit?
(Walking out and closing door.)
THE DOCTOR: Yes, the air is breathable and yes, the gravity is near Earth normal.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE DOCTOR: Is *what* what usually happens?
LUCIE MILLER: Your ship thing - goes all wrong and conks out.
THE DOCTOR: It hasn't "conked out". Something got in its way.
LUCIE MILLER: Like what?
THE DOCTOR: Like a shield around the whole of the North of England in Two Thousand And Six. I didn't know it was there. The TARDIS bounced off it.
LUCIE MILLER: You should have been looking where you were going.
THE DOCTOR: You know, Lucie, if you really are just some teenager from...
LUCIE MILLER: I'm nearly twenty, thank you very much.
THE DOCTOR: ...from Two Thousand And Six, you really shouldn't be quite so blasé about the whole notion of travelling in Time and Space and my being an alien. You don't even seem to be particularly worried about where we are now.
LUCIE MILLER: And where are we, then?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, very good.
THE DOCTOR: Some kind of human settlement. Looks like this was a thriving civilisation once. Until...
LUCIE MILLER: Until the sky turned black. Street lights are out too. Nice place you've found us, Doctor. I was hoping for at least two suns, maybe even three.

THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: On me first planet, like.
THE DOCTOR: Your first?
LUCIE MILLER: Well ... this *is* another world, right? An alien world? (Chuckle) Oh, will there be you know, like, little green men or...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie Miller, *you* have got a lot of explaining to do before I answer any more of *your* questions.
LUCIE MILLER: You what? No, don't think so.
THE DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
LUCIE MILLER: Not just yet.
THE DOCTOR: Oh? And why not?
LUCIE MILLER: Because you're in a bad enough mood as it is. And I don't want to go getting me head bitten off again, do I?
(THE DOCTOR sighs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are you sulking?
THE DOCTOR: You know, there must be a sun out there somewhere, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: You could have fooled me.
THE DOCTOR: But it's hidden, by a cloud of ... I don't know, debris and smoke? Blocking out most of its light, and its heat. Are you sure you want to be dressed like that? It's a bit chilly for such a short...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh now, here we go. You sounding just like me Mum now. This is my best gear. I told yer, I was on me way to the office. First day. Anyway, you don't feel the cold so much when you've been out clubbing in Blackpool of a November Saturday night.
(Slight laugh.)
THE DOCTOR: No, I suppose not.
(The screeching of car tyres in the distance.)
THE DOCTOR: Hey, they're in a bit of a hurry.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, another bad driver, then.

(Female Asha Gryvern.)
ASHA GRYVERN: Put your foot down, man. Do you want them to catch us?
(The male driver, Morgan.)
MORGAN: I'm doing my best.
(Female passenger Eileen Klint.)
EILEEN KLINT: Don't listen to her, Morgan. We're leaving the mob behind. Well done!
ASHA GRYVERN: Not for long though, Klint. There's hardly a spark left in this car's solar cell and they know it. Any moment now...
EILEEN KLINT: Morgan, look out for those people!
MORGAN: What the hell is that?
EILEEN KLINT: You're going to hit that damn lady...
(Crash, screams.)

LUCIE MILLER: Wow! I mean ... just, wow! That's what you get for parking in the middle of the road. What is that box of yours made of, anyway? It's not even scratched, but the car - it bounced right the way over the other side of the road...
THE DOCTOR: That car has people inside it. Come on. Come on!
(Running off.)
LUCIE MILLER: But the engine, Doctor. I mean, there's smoke coming out of it. What if it...
THE DOCTOR: It's solar powered. No petrol to combust. It's quite safe.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Oh, okay. That's all right, then.

(Groan by woman.)
ASHA GRYVERN: It hurts.
THE DOCTOR: Here, take my hand. Lucie, come here! Help me!
LUCIE MILLER: (off) Oh. Right, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: Let's get you out.
LUCIE MILLER: It's all right, take it easy, love.
EILEEN KLINT: Who are you?
THE DOCTOR: This one seems more awake.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, look, they're chained together at the wrist. Are you two...

EILEEN KLINT: Is that your ... Oh. Did you leave that - that - that cabinet there?
THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid your driver is dead.
(EILEEN KLINT sighs.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, but why were you driving so fast?
EILEEN KLINT: There's your reason.
(Sounds of many angry people in the background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are you two in trouble or summat?
EILEEN KLINT: I'm warning you, I still have some influence around here. If you lay one finger on me...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, well, thanks. Talk about gratitude. I'm Lucie. The bloke dressed up like Casanova calls himself the Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: They really do look rather angry.
EILEEN KLINT: I order you to protect me. Protect us. Do you have a working car?
THE DOCTOR: No car, I'm afraid. Lucie, you get these two somewhere out of sight.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE DOCTOR: Come on, quickly. I'm trusting you, Lucie. God knows why.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Right. Well, we can just go back into your, erm...
THE DOCTOR: Too late, they've cut us off. Quick, before they see us. I'll catch up with you. Go. Go!
LUCIE MILLER: Come on. Help me with your friend.
EILEEN KLINT: She's no friend of mine.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't think you've got much choice, darling.

(Crowd shouts.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, here goes. (Calling out) Hey! What took you so long? You nearly missed them. Over that way! They crashed their car and they - they're trying to get to the, er ... er ... you know, that way, the, er...
LOWELL: The spaceport?
THE DOCTOR: The spaceport, yes. On foot. Don't let the, er ... them get away.
LOWELL: Come on. You heard what he said. Those Government pigs are making for the spaceport. They must have some secret transport. Are we gonna let them get away?
CROWD: No!
LOWELL: Well, come on, then! You - lead the way.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, erm ... Er ... yes, erm ... er, good. Er - follow me!
(Shouts.)

(Running off.)
ASHA GRYVERN: Enough. Klint, enough.
EILEEN KLINT: Just a little further, Asha. You can do it.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, I think we're okay. Sounds like they're moving away. The Doctor must have done something.
ASHA GRYVERN: Oh ... feels like I ... cracked a rib in that damn car. Too soon for me to be running again.
LUCIE MILLER: What are they after you for, that mob?
EILEEN KLINT: They're afraid. Lashing out at the nearest target.
ASHA GRYVERN: They're animals, Klint. Using all this as an excuse to surrender to their base instincts.
EILEEN KLINT: Look ... Lucie, wasn't it? I'm sorry if I was a bit, you know...
LUCIE MILLER: Downright rude back there?
EILEEN KLINT: Yes. Sorry. It's ... well, if it wasn't for you and your friend...
LUCIE MILLER: No, cool, whatever. And - I wouldn't call him my friend exactly. He's just my ... like a chauffeur, really. So you're Klint, right?
EILEEN KLINT: Yes, of course. Surely you recognise me? I'm...
LUCIE MILLER: So how come you two are chained together?
ASHA GRYVERN: Yes, why, Klint? We have no suns, our plants won't grow, we're freezing to death, and still you insist on clinging to the laws of a dead society.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, er, suns, eh? As in more than one sun? That's a result, I suppose.

LOWELL: Hey, pal. Where do you think you're going?
THE DOCTOR: I, er, they've obviously given us the slip.

LOWELL: You brought us down this way. You said you'd seen Klint and her new bosom buddy.
THE DOCTOR: I - I was just repeating something I heard. You know how rumours can spread. Now I think about it, I can't swear I actually saw anybody.
LOWELL: They can't hide forever. We found their Bunker.
THE DOCTOR: Bunker?
LOWELL: Our so-called representatives. Living in luxury while the rest of us starve.
(Crowd shouting.)
LOWELL: Well, they've nowhere to run now, have they, eh?
THE DOCTOR: Politicians, eh? It's always their fault, isn't it? Should have seen it coming, shouldn't they. Should have prepared, spent more money.
(Some voices in crowd agree.)
THE DOCTOR: That sort of thing.
LOWELL: Ah. That's Senator Klint for yer. Always more talk than action. But to find her with the other one, that girl, Asha.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, her. Asha. Yeah.
LOWELL: They said she'd never be free again.
(Crowd agreement.)
THE DOCTOR: Should have thrown away the key, shouldn't they?
(Silence.)
THE DOCTOR: Probably.
LOWELL: If only we'd had the death penalty.
THE DOCTOR: Well ... quite.
LOWELL: Still, at least the other one croaked it.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, the other one, yeah.
LOWELL: Professor Martez. Martez the grave robber.
(Crowd shout agreement.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh yeah, him. Yeah. Martez the er ... the grave robber. Nasty piece of work. Apparently.

EILEEN KLINT: We should move on. We're only a few blocks away now.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, I don't know who you are, what you've done or who you're running from, but I think we should, you know, maybe, well, wait for the Doctor.
EILEEN KLINT: Your driver?
ASHA GRYVERN: You know, Klint, I really don't think she knows us.
EILEEN KLINT: In your case, Asha, that's a blessing.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you on about?
EILEEN KLINT: You ought to feel honoured, my young friend. You're looking at a genuine martyr.
LUCIE MILLER: Young friend?
ASHA GRYVERN: Eileen Klint turned down her place on an exodus ship because she felt it her duty to stay with her people. (Laugh.) And you've seen how grateful they are.
EILEEN KLINT: *Somebody* has to help them. To, er...
(ASHA GRYVERN laughs.)
EILEEN KLINT: I don't know.
ASHA GRYVERN: The highest-ranking Senator left on planet Red Rocket Rising, which would make her our Acting President.
LUCIE MILLER: So ... why *are* you handcuffed to her?
(Walking up.)
THE DOCTOR: That's a good question, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: I've been hearing a great deal about you, Asha Gryvern. About you and your erstwhile employer. You know, I almost feel sorry for you. At least Professor Martez is dead. He never had to face the society he so outraged.
EILEEN KLINT: Who are you people?
ASHA GRYVERN: Does it really matter, Eileen? We have work to do.
EILEEN KLINT: Look ... Doctor, Lucie. I'm trying my best for you, for all of you. What else can I do?
(ASHA GRYVERN laughs.)
EILEEN KLINT: Good luck.
ASHA GRYVERN: On which note, the Acting President and I really must bid you a final thank

you and farewell. Come on, Klint.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: And that's it? We're just going to let them walk away, and ... and what?
THE DOCTOR: And go back to the TARDIS. This is a dangerous place, Lucie Miller, and besides ... you've got some explaining to do.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe.
THE DOCTOR: Why are you being so cagey?
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe I don't trust you. I've only got their word.
THE DOCTOR: Whose word...
(Something falls.)
THE DOCTOR: Ow!
LUCIE MILLER: What is it?
(More such noises as it rains.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ow! That hurt.
THE DOCTOR: Of course, I should have ... Aah!
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell?
THE DOCTOR: Water in the atmosphere reacting with nitric oxide in the dust cloud.
LUCIE MILLER: Dust? What ... Ow! It's the rain, it's ... oh! ... it's raining like ... ow! ... it's like it's raining...
THE DOCTOR: Acid. Acid rain. Come on, we have to find cover.
(Running off. Storm sound, thunder.)

ASHA GRYVERN: Quick. Get under here.
EILEEN KLINT: Oh! How close are we to...
ASHA GRYVERN: The Zantec Facility is just over that bridge.
EILEEN KLINT: Well, it can't rain forever.
TOM CARDWELL: You think we've endured the worst of it? This is only the first stage. Open your eyes...
ASHA GRYVERN: Oh my God. It's that sad case.
TOM CARDWELL: There are monsters out there waiting to exploit our weakness...
EILEEN KLINT: Who?
ASHA GRYVERN: Look, on the other side of the bridge.
TOM CARDWELL: You think you're safe...
ASHA GRYVERN: You must remember him. Used to hang around the subway stations, always prophesying doom, covered in placards. How the hell did *he* survive?
EILEEN KLINT: What ... Oh yes. He used to march up and down outside the Senate too. (Laugh.) He must be feeling pretty smug now. Turns out he was right.
ASHA GRYVERN: If he recognises us he'll shout it at the top of his voice. He'll bring everybody in the sector down on us. We'll have to take a detour around the educational complex. There's a subway tunnel that'll take us...
EILEEN KLINT: Ah-ah! You keep forgetting who's in charge here, Asha.
ASHA GRYVERN: Oh, don't make me laugh, Klint. I'm the one who knows how to get there,.
EILEEN KLINT: And I have the official access codes to override the lockout. And the key to open these cuffs.
ASHA GRYVERN: Come on.
TOM CARDWELL: Hear me, all of you. The aliens are among us already. We have to protect ourselves. We must be prepared.

LUCIE MILLER: All right, I'll say it, This is officially not what I expected my first alien world to be like. I thought there'd be less bodies in the street for a start.
THE DOCTOR: Fewer bodies, not less.
LUCIE MILLER: Whatever. Red Rocket Rising. Funny name for a planet.
THE DOCTOR: I've heard funnier.
LUCIE MILLER: Go on then. Make us laugh.
THE DOCTOR: But there's not much to laugh about here, Lucie. From the looks of it this world has suffered an asteroid strike. That's what kicked up the dust cloud. Anyone who could escape has done so by now.
LUCIE MILLER: That girl said the last exit thingy ship had left, and that the other one ... er, Klint ... had volunteered to stay.
THE DOCTOR: Very brave. Or very foolish. Those that didn't get away would have had to live

through a firestorm. Burning rocks falling from the sky and now this. An impact winter. A perpetual freezing night-time.
LUCIE MILLER: But the buildings ... most of them are still standing. I mean, a few have been burnt out, a few windows put through.
THE DOCTOR: The impact must have been on the far side of the globe. The effects there would have been devastating. Earthquakes, tidal waves. Most of the population would have died within minutes. Here it'll take a while longer.
LUCIE MILLER: No sunlight, so nothing can grow, right?
THE DOCTOR: It'll be months, maybe a year before the debris settles.
LUCIE MILLER: Is there any chance for the people here?
THE DOCTOR: They'll have been fighting over the last tinned goods. If the shops and the warehouses have been emptied...
LUCIE MILLER: They'll be turning on each other. I get it.
THE DOCTOR: For all the good it'll do them. Even if they can make it through the impact winter, the ultraviolet spring that follows will cause mutations, cancer...
TOM CARDWELL: Hear me, all of you. The aliens are among us already! We have to protect ourselves. We must be prepared.
LUCIE MILLER: What the bleeding heck does he think he's doing?
THE DOCTOR: I've got no idea, but he's got a metal umbrella. Could be just the man we're looking for.

(Walking.)
ASHA GRYVERN: No need for your precious codes after all. They broke in. That damn rabble broke in. Oh, what have they done. Those animals. What have they done to my...
EILEEN KLINT: I can hardly see a thing. Hold on. I've got a torch, er, erm, on my key ring.
ASHA GRYVERN: (laugh.) You said your Government had sealed this place. You said...
EILEEN KLINT: It should have been impossible...
ASHA GRYVERN: Well, *somebody* got in here. Maybe it was your own police force. The way those fascists treated me, I wouldn't put it past them.
EILEEN KLINT: At least the rain should keep people away for a while. Maybe no-one's found the medical supplies ... Oh. Oh dear.
ASHA GRYVERN: All those years. All our work. They've smashed all the sample bottles. Shredded vital documents.
EILEEN KLINT: Cleared the place out. None of the stuff you promised me.
ASHA GRYVERN: All gone. They've wrecked equipment worth thousands of credits.
EILEEN KLINT: (sigh.) Well, maybe it's for the best. If the mob got their hands on a few med-packs, maybe they'll...
ASHA GRYVERN: Oh, who cares about them? How can this vandalism be for the best? You may not have agreed with Professor Martez's methods, but there was no...
EILEEN KLINT: Er - to put it mildly.
ASHA GRYVERN: But there was no need to destroy his results.
EILEEN KLINT: People died for those results.
ASHA GRYVERN: All the more reason. And - and you must believe, I had nothing to do with that.
EILEEN KLINT: That's not what the Court decided. It's over, Asha. Accept it. Martez is long dead, and there's nothing here. Nothing left.

(Unlocking door.)
TOM CARDWELL: Come on. Come in. Just in here. My home. It's safe in here.
LUCIE MILLER: Is this where you live? These machines. I didn't think there'd be any electric stuff left working.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you for this.
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: If you hadn't found us when you did...
LUCIE MILLER: I'm itching all over. And these clothes - are they going to fall apart when I wash 'em or what?
THE DOCTOR: Would you notice the difference?
(LUCIE MILLER short laugh of astonishment.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name.
TOM CARDWELL: Eh? Oh...

(He mumbles.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. I don't know if you've noticed, but ... tinfoil hat?
THE DOCTOR: You're certainly prepared. Heating, lighting, satellite uplink. Water filtration. All powered by these, I assume. Quite a stockpile. There's enough transmitter equipment here to put the Lugadshu Array to shame.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm just saying, that's all. 'Cause where I come from, tinfoil hats - not a good sign. Not a good sign at all.
THE DOCTOR: Well, maybe they're in fashion. Are you sure it's wise to store these here? I thought most people had abandoned fission cell batteries by now. Cheap, efficient, but ... rather volatile if...
(TOM CARDWELL grunts. Click of rifle.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor...
TOM CARDWELL: You can drop the pretence now, Doctor. I know what you are.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. In fashion. Right.
TOM CARDWELL: I know why you're here. I know what you want, but this is my home, and I will do what it takes to protect it.
LUCIE MILLER: Great.

(Handcuffs removed.)
ASHA GRYVERN: So, that's it. You've set me free. Now what?
EILEEN KLINT: I ... don't know. I suppose I was grasping at straws. When the mob overran the Bunker, you offered me some hope, to do some good, to help, but ... I just don't know. Don't know what to do any more.
ASHA GRYVERN: We don't have to stay, Klint. You've uncuffed us now, you can drag your bleeding heart elsewhere.
EILEEN KLINT: So what are you going to do?
(Moving things.)
ASHA GRYVERN: Oh, what's it to you?
EILEEN KLINT: Are you just going to die, rummaging around in the wreckage of your master's inhuman experiments?
ASHA GRYVERN: Professor Martez was a visionary. He wanted nothing less than to jump-start the evolution of the human race.
EILEEN KLINT: What are you saying?
ASHA GRYVERN: And if I can repair this generator...
EILEEN KLINT: Martez committed crimes against humanity. You can't possibly be contemplating...
ASHA GRYVERN: Oh, what's your problem, Klint?
EILEEN KLINT: But you always protested your innocence. Just now you...
ASHA GRYVERN: So arrest me. (Laughs.) Oh, don't look so shocked, Eileen. Look, Martez needed human tissue, so he took it from the dead, from those empty sacks of flesh, for ... for which nobody had a use, other than to cling to like morbid...
EILEEN KLINT: He violated their graves, disturbed their peace, sometimes before the funeral flowers had wilted. And as if that wasn't enough, what about later, Asha, when Martez decided he needed *living* specimens?
(Something activated.)
ASHA GRYVERN: I knew it!
EILEEN KLINT: What the hell are you doing, Asha? You can't...
ASHA GRYVERN: Shh!
(Hum of power. Faint static.)
ASHA GRYVERN: What was that?
EILEEN KLINT: Well ... it ... sounds like...
ASHA GRYVERN: Comms equipment.
(Static with humming.)
ASHA GRYVERN: The thugs actually left something intact, then.
EILEEN KLINT: Oh!
ASHA GRYVERN: There's a message coming through.
(Faint DALEK voice through the heavy static.)
ASHA GRYVERN: Trying to get through.
DALEK: ... vicinity of your Solar Sys...

(The voice breaks up amid the static.)

THE DOCTOR: Listen to me. I know you must be afraid, but no-one wants to hurt you.
TOM CARDWELL: Who sent you here? Someone in the Government? From Zantec?
LUCIE MILLER: You're the one who dragged us in off the...
THE DOCTOR: You're uncomfortable with strangers in your home. I understand. Happened to me just a short time ago.
LUCIE MILLER: Nice.
THE DOCTOR: So why don't we just...
TOM CARDWELL: I saw the lights in the sky, I saw your ship falling to Earth. They hushed it up, but I know.
THE DOCTOR: Really? When was this?
TOM CARDWELL: Years ago. But I knew you'd find me. I saw you out on the street, my bio-scan confirmed it - two hearts. A body temperature of fifteen degrees.
THE DOCTOR: Only fifteen? I suppose it is cold out there.
TOM CARDWELL: You look like us, but that's how you hide yourselves. That's how you make us trust you, but I know who I am - Tom Cardwell - and you won't work your alien mind tricks on me.
LUCIE MILLER: How could he? You've got tin foil on your head.
TOM CARDWELL: You destroyed our world, and now you've come for the survivors. Why don't you just kill us all? What do you want from us?
LUCIE MILLER: This is getting on my wick now. Look - so the Doctor's a Time Lord, so what? And yes, he's a bit of a patronising get, but that's no reason to shoot him.
THE DOCTOR: No-one is shooting anyone, are they, Tom Cardwell? Look where I'm standing. Look what will happen if you fire that rifle. One ricochet into this pile of batteries, and...
LUCIE MILLER: I'm guessing - boom?
TOM CARDWELL: And if I don't shoot, you'll take my mind, experiment on my body. At least this way, I die as himself, as Tom Cardwell, and I'll take you with me. I can save my world from the monsters.

(Static.)
ASHA GRYVERN: It's a repeating pattern, and I don't think it's coming from Red Rocket Rising.
EILEEN KLINT: You mean it's strong enough to penetrate the dust cloud? Oh ... Maybe the exodus ships have got through already, and...
ASHA GRYVERN: Someone's out there, somewhere, trying to get through.
(Static clears.)
DALEK: ...habitants of human planet Red Rocket Rising...
EILEEN KLINT: (Gasp.) You were right, Asha. You were right!
ASHA GRYVERN: Yes.
DALEK: We have received your distress signal. We have a fleet of ships in the vicinity of your Solar System with capacity for approximately ten thousand refugees. We wish to help you.

TOM CARDWELL: I've seen the old records, the stories about this sector of space, dating back to the days of the pioneers. We've forgotten so much. We felt safe here in our quiet corner of the Universe. We began to think the stories were just ... legends, fairy tales.
LUCIE MILLER: But you know the truth.
TOM CARDWELL: The asteroid should have missed us. All the long-range forecasts said so. Something changed its course. I've seen the calculations.
THE DOCTOR: Interesting. What calculations, where?
LUCIE MILLER: A fiver says on the Internet.
THE DOCTOR: You must have been through a lot. The firestorm...
TOM CARDWELL: We had to hide underground. Those who didn't, those who had nowhere to go, they were struck down, or cooked alive. We found their bodies where they dropped.
THE DOCTOR: And now the fire is out, but the cold is far, far worse because you can't see an end to it.
TOM CARDWELL: I knew this was coming, something like it. I tried to warn everyone, I did as much as I could to be ready.
THE DOCTOR: We aren't a threat to you, Cardwell. I think you know that. I think that's why you haven't pulled that trigger, why you can't.
(Chime noise.)

LUCIE MILLER: Oh, blimey! What now?
TOM CARDWELL: It can't be, after all this time. It's been weeks. I thought...
COMPUTER: ...eighteen to emergency short wave channel four, for an urgent announcement from Acting President Eileen Klint.
THE DOCTOR: Emergency broadcast system?
TOM CARDWELL: They said ... when they got to their new worlds they said they'd send help but I thought ... there was a lottery, you see. When we found out they drew lots to decide who would live, who they'd take in the ships. Funny how many Senators and businessmen found seats.
LUCIE MILLER: Aren't you going to answer it?
TOM CARDWELL: I can't. I just can't. I'm not ready. What if they say there's no hope, still no hope?
THE DOCTOR: What if they say there is?

ASHA GRYVERN: You don't think anyone will hear you, do you, or care if they did?
EILEEN KLINT: People still have batteries and generators. More importantly, they have hope. I know they're out there, listening, waiting for this news. And those who hear it will spread the word.
ASHA GRYVERN: I admire your faith in human nature, Klint.
EILEEN KLINT: This time, no-one will be left behind. People of Red Rocket Rising, my fellow citizens. Our long night is over.

(Static obscuring words.)
EILEEN KLINT: I've been contacted by a benevolent people. They too have known great trials, but they have overcome them, and made it their mission to help others do the same. They are called Daleks.
(The last word is partially-obscured by static.)
THE DOCTOR: What did she just say?
LUCIE MILLER: Shh! You could try listening to her.
EILEEN KLINT: They have offered us rescue, and passage to the nearest human worlds. They have the resources and the patience and compassion to evacuate every one of us. My fellow citizens, my friends. Rescue is at hand.
TOM CARDWELL: Klint? You can't trust her. When that ship crash-landed, when the big corporations moved in and took the wreckage, it was her.
THE DOCTOR: They took the wreckage? Who?
TOM CARDWELL: She went on the News, hushed the whole thing up, and now she's President.
(Moving metal things aside, COMPUTER message voice in background.)
THE DOCTOR: What are you looking for?
TOM CARDWELL: Got to fire up my connection. Got to see what they're saying on the message boards about this. Got to see who these aliens are and what they...
(Struggle.)
TOM CARDWELL: Hey!
LUCIE MILLER: Give me that, you fruitcake!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, what do you think you're...
TOM CARDWELL: I knew it. Your fancy words, all lies, you're in league with them. You're the monsters!
(Two shots.)
LUCIE MILLER: I've got it, Doctor. I've got the gun. Let's get out of here.
THE DOCTOR: You idiot, you've destroyed the radio. I needed to hear that message. I needed to know.
TOM CARDWELL: Go on then, do it. Kill me with my own weapon.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, come on!
TOM CARDWELL: You've taken everything else from me, everything but my mind, and you can't have that! My name is Tom Cardwell. My name is Tom Cardwell...
THE DOCTOR: But ... I'm sorry, we'd better go. Come on.
(Walking off and opening door.)
TOM CARDWELL: My name is Tom Cardwell. My name is Tom Cardwell. I know who I am!
(Door closed.)
TOM CARDWELL: And you won't take that from me!

(He sobs. Static.)
EILEEN KLINT: ... too have know great trials, but they have overcome them, and made it their mission to help others do the same. They are called Daleks, and...
(Fades to static.)
TOM CARDWELL: Daleks?

(Walking outside.)
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks for saving my life, Lucie Miller. Oh, no problem at all, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I was getting through to Cardwell. You knew the risks of firing that gun in that room...
LUCIE MILLER: I knew the risks of him blowing holes in us. And anyway, I didn't mean to...
THE DOCTOR: Give it to me.
(Gun taken.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, we could use that. What if this...
(Gun thrown away.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, how did you know?
LUCIE MILLER: What?
THE DOCTOR: That I'm a Time Lord.
LUCIE MILLER: Er ... you said.
THE DOCTOR: No I didn't. I didn't say anything. So...
LUCIE MILLER: At least it's stopped raining.
THE DOCTOR: No more games, Lucie Miller. Spill the beans.
LUCIE MILLER: I was on my way into work. I opened the door and got whisked away.
THE DOCTOR: That won't do. More beans, please.
LUCIE MILLER: It was them.
THE DOCTOR: Who?
LUCIE MILLER: The Time Lords.
THE DOCTOR: My own people.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
THE DOCTOR: Why?
LUCIE MILLER: Don't know why.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't, seriously. Well, not much.
THE DOCTOR: What much?
LUCIE MILLER: It's difficult. I ... I can't really ... can't ... It's just that apparently, I had to...
THE DOCTOR: Had to what?
LUCIE MILLER: Get away for a while. God, it's been doing my head in trying to work out why and what happened. I can't seem to...
THE DOCTOR: A perceptual barrier. Time Lords are fond of those. If you push it gets stronger. Just relax a little. Think of something else, something in your comfort zone.
LUCIE MILLER: Comfort zone? You some kind of psych...?
THE DOCTOR: Nail varnish, short skirts, first day at work, 'aving a laff, anything like that.
LUCIE MILLER: No need to patronise m... Yeah, wait a minute. I'd seen something. Witnessed something, they said. Something really important, they said.
THE DOCTOR: What exactly?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know.
THE DOCTOR: Just relax.
LUCIE MILLER: No, I mean, I really don't know. I remember not knowing. They said it was best that way.
THE DOCTOR: Sounds like they put you on a witness protection scheme.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah.
THE DOCTOR: And dumped you on me. Oh, I should have known. Who else could have shot you right into the heart of my TARDIS? Who else could have erected a shield in the vortex itself to keep me from taking you home? (Louder) And who else would presume to meddle in my life like this?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, they said you'd get a proper nark on about it. I remember that.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm not going to stand for it. Take her away. Come on, if you can ... if you can go to all the trouble of breaking down the TARDIS's defences to dump her on me, you can lift her off this godforsaken planet with no trouble at all. Come on!
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Don't I get a say in all this?

THE DOCTOR: Frankly, no.
LUCIE MILLER: That's not fair.
THE DOCTOR: You don't belong, Lucie Miller, you don't belong, it's as simple as that.
LUCIE MILLER: Fine. Whatever.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, whatever. Whatever that's supposed to mean. It's nothing to do with me what dirty work the Time Lords are mixed up in, it's between you and them.
LUCIE MILLER: Fine.
THE DOCTOR: What? No, no, it isn't fine, at all. You are coming back with me to the TARDIS. We are going to get in touch with the Time Lords and we're going to get you sent home or ... I don't know, somewhere that's not my TA...
LUCIE MILLER: Forget it! I don't want to come back to your place anyhow.
THE DOCTOR: My place? What are you talking about? This isn't a date. This is cosmic gerrymandering on a ... on a ... well, on a ... a cos...
LUCIE MILLER: Look, I never asked for this to happen either, right? None of this is my fault but you seem to think it is, so fine. You can just get stuffed and ... j-just ... get out of my face, Mister, or Doctor, or whatever you think you are in your poncy clothes and your stupid haircut. Bye, Doctor. Nice not knowing you.
(Walking off. Kick of metal drum, then cry by LUCIE MILLER.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ow! Oh God...
(LUCIE MILLER gasps as she moves off.)
THE DOCTOR: Fine, fine, fine. Whatever. Not my responsibility. You listening? This is your mess. You sort it out.

(Crowd cheering.)
TOM CARDWELL: Did you see them? The aliens. They came this way ... Why are you cheering? What's the matter with you? You should be running for the hills, should be finding ways to defend yourselves.
LOWELL: The Daleks are coming to save us. Three cheers for the Daleks. Hip, hip...
CROWD: Hooray!
TOM CARDWELL: No, listen to me. Don't you remember the Daleks? I remembered the name. I looked them up in the old records.
LOWELL: We're going on a spaceport to wait. If I was you, pal, I'd come with us. The Daleks are going to find us a new world.
TOM CARDWELL: No, you're not listening to me. Remember what they used to say about the monsters? The Daleks - they're the worst of them all!
(Cheering continues.)

(Static.)
DALEK: We have entered geo-stationary orbit above your world. We have identified the continent with the greatest concentration of life signs and are scanning for a landing area.
EILEEN KLINT: There's a spaceport. It might still be broadcasting a guidance signal. Now you're this close, you should be able to...
DALEK: Scanning for guidance signal. Guidance signal acquired.
EILEEN KLINT: May I say, on behalf of my people, that we appreciate all you're doing for us. I'm sure this is only the start of a long and fruitful...
DALEK: We must recalibrate our shielding to withstand the debris field in your atmosphere. We will contact you when we are ready to descend. The Daleks are glad to be of assistance.
(Static fades. Clapping.)
THE DOCTOR: Excellent performance. I could have almost believed that wasn't a ruthless killing machine you were talking to.
EILEEN KLINT: Doctor? How did you find us here?
THE DOCTOR: Traced your broadcast signal with my sonic screwdriver. Just wanted to check up on the infamous Asha Gryvern before I leave.
EILEEN KLINT: Leave?
ASHA GRYVERN: Exactly how are you proposing to do that?
THE DOCTOR: The question you should really be asking yourselves is. how am I going to save you from the worst mistake you've made in your lives?

LUCIE MILLER: Hey! Time Lords! You up there? This Doctor of yours. He's a bit rubbish. Could do with another lift. Oh, come on, please! Get me out of here! Oh! Fine. Guess that doesn't work

then.
(She is grabbed,)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey!
(Grabbing, struggling.)
TOM CARDWELL: I thought I'd find you around here.
LUCIE MILLER: Cardwell? What the hell's up with you?
TOM CARDWELL: I'm only trying to help you. I know you're not an alien. I don't know what lies he told you...
LUCIE MILLER: If you mean the Doctor, you're wasting your breath. We had a barney, all right? I don't care if I never see...
TOM CARDWELL: He let you go just like that? But I thought he was in league with the Daleks.
LUCIE MILLER: The what-leks?
TOM CARDWELL: Did he hypnotise you? What do they want? You can tell me now, you're free.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, just go home, can't you?
TOM CARDWELL: They know where I live. I had to leave what I couldn't carry.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Well, you're carrying enough, aren't you? Looks like you're wearing everything you own. What's that, like, twenty layers?
TOM CARDWELL: Will you help me, warn people about him?
LUCIE MILLER: Look, Cardwell, I'm not pretending I can vouch for the Doctor. I mean, we only met this morning. And maybe yeah, he does want to zap your brain or ... or whatever it is you think he wants to do, but I don't think so. Way I was told it, you don't know how much it bugs me to have to say this, he's more about saving worlds than...
TOM CARDWELL: Then why is he here? Why has be come to Red Rocket Rising? He's too late to save us.

THE DOCTOR: Believe me, Klint, the Daleks aren't your friends. You can't deal with them, you can't trust them.
(Checking equipment.)
THE DOCTOR: Hmm.
ASHA GRYVERN: What do you think you're doing? This equipment is...
THE DOCTOR: Beyond repair, most of it.
ASHA GRYVERN: Perhaps.
THE DOCTOR: What are you up to, Asha?
EILEEN KLINT: The Daleks have offered to help us. They're the only people who have.
THE DOCTOR: People? Come on, Klint. I know you're only filling in at this job, but have you really never heard of the Daleks?
EILEEN KLINT: No.
THE DOCTOR: What? The greatest threat this Universe has ever seen.
EILEEN KLINT: Doctor, I don't know who the hell you are, but I ... I've listened to what the Daleks have told me. I know that centuries ago their people were bombarded by atomic weapons, subjected to hideous mutations. I know that now they can only exist inside protective metal shells...
ASHA GRYVERN: A much-maligned and mistreated species, by their own account.
THE DOCTOR: *What?*
EILEEN KLINT: As far as I can see, the Daleks are to be pitied, not feared.
THE DOCTOR: What is the matter with you people? Stuck out here on your colonial frontier, you've actually forgotten your own history, and those who forget the past are doomed ... What's that?
EILEEN KLINT: Please - put that down. You can't possibly understand...
THE DOCTOR: A hologram generator. Clever little gadget, self-contained power source, but it's starting to run down. That's how I could see it, the slightest shimmer in the air...
EILEEN KLINT: (talking over) Leave it alone, you don't understand what...
THE DOCTOR: ... but if I press down here, that shimmer becomes...
(Noise of generator operating.)
EILEEN KLINT: A door! Where did that c...?
THE DOCTOR: Come from? It was always here, Klint, just masked, disguised as part of the wall. Whose lab was this, anyway? No, don't tell me. I can guess.
AYSHA GRYVERN: This must be it. Professor Martez's secrets. Everything he accomplished is behind this...
(Door tried.)

THE DOCTOR: Locked door. Hmm.

(Jubilant crowd in the background.)
TOM CARDWELL: You shouldn't be here, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, whatever. This is the spaceport, yeah? This is where they're going to land. The ... the er ... what did you call them?
TOM CARDWELL: The Daleks. Once upon a time you wouldn't have had to ask. Their names would have struck fear into your heart.
LUCIE MILLER: Whatever. Not very keen on aliens, are yer? Don't worry, you've still got your tin foil hat, mate.
TOM CARDWELL: You must promise me.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Get off me! Calm down.
TOM CARDWELL: Promise me!
LUCIE MILLER: All right, all right! What?
TOM CARDWELL: When the Daleks arrive, you won't fall for their lies.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, sure. I'll turn down the offer of a free lift, stay stranded in this lousy place till I starve. Yeah, right. Look, I just want to live a bit, Cardwell, see a few things before I have to go back. Show that Doctor...
TOM CARDWELL: You don't want to see the inside of that ship, Lucie. You don't want to let the Daleks take you, or they may be the last thing you *do* see.

THE DOCTOR: Klint, you have to warn your people about the Daleks. Tell them to defend themselves or you'll be sending every man, woman and child on this planet to their deaths.
EILEEN KLINT: Don't you understand? I can only act on what I know to be...
THE DOCTOR: And I know the Daleks. I was there at their birth. I fought against them in countless wars, seen their legacy in the burial pits of a hundred worlds.
EILEEN KLINT: Oh ... I'll talk to them. Of course I will. I'll investigate your claims, and if ... if I find evidence of wrongdoing...
ASHA GRYVERN: (laugh) She'll write them a stern letter.
EILEEN KLINT: Even if I believed you, these Daleks might be...
THE DOCTOR: Different? You don't know how much I wish that were possible. I wish a Dalek could show compassion or pity, or even know what those words mean, because if it could, if I saw the slightest hope of change, of growth, of redemption. Look, I'll talk to them. I'll show you.
AYSHA GRYVERN: No ... Doctor ... get away from that...
(THE DOCTOR gasp, falls to floor.)
EILEEN KLINT: W-what did you do? Asha, why...?
ASHA GRYVERN: He was becoming hysterical. I've dealt with him. You can thank me later.
EILEEN KLINT: You stuck a live cable in his back.
ASHA GRYVERN: It was a comparatively low voltage. He's still breathing.
EILEEN KLINT: Doctor?
(Gentle slapping of face.)
EILEEN KLINT: Wake up.
(Whining of motors. Gentle slapping of face.)
EILEEN KLINT: Doctor.
ASHA GRYVERN: Do you hear that, Klint?
EILEEN KLINT: What?
ASHA GRYVERN: It sounds like ... like...
EILEEN KLINT: They're here. The Daleks are here.

(Loud whining of rocket motors. Running towards it.)
EILEEN KLINT: Isn't it magnificent?
ASHA GRYVERN: Their spaceship looks pretty beaten up.
EILEEN KLINT: Probably happened flying through the asteroid fragments.
ASHA GRYVERN: Maybe.
(Motors sound dies away.)
EILEEN KLINT: I should be at the spaceport. I'm the Acting President. I should be the one to greet them.
ASHA GRYVERN: Go then, do your duty. Who'd have thought it. Eileen Klint, saviour of Red Rocket Rising.
EILEEN KLINT: Come with me, Asha. There'll be a place for you on the Dalek ship, no matter

what you've done. There are places for everyone.
ASHA GRYVERN: Oh, listen to you. You're speechmaking already. If I come with you I'll end up back in a prison cell.
EILEEN KLINT: Stay here and this world will be your prison.
ASHA GRYVERN: You say the Daleks are our salvation, Klint, and maybe in a sense you're right.
EILEEN KLINT: What are you saying?
ASHA GRYVERN: Well, don't you think that, from what we've learned of them, they sound rather like the embodiment of Professor Martez's theories.
EILEEN KLINT: Then perhaps that's why they're doing this, Asha. Perhaps they want to spare us from having to become like them.

(Jubilant crowd as rocket motors die down.)
LUCIE MILLER: Now, that's what I call a spaceship. (Gasp.) Proper saucer shape and everything. Like, all those loony abduction victims on Earth - they were telling the truth all along.
TOM CARDWELL: There have been abductions here too.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, do you know what these Daleks look like?
(Rustling of aluminium foil.)
TOM CARDWELL: I brought some extra tin foil. You should...
LUCIE MILLER: Get off! I wouldn't be seen dead in that. What's happening now?
(Whining.)
TOM CARDWELL: Landing ramp extending. You'll get your answers soon enough, Lucie.
(Jubilant crowd.)
DALEK: Inhabitants of Red Rocket Rising, the Daleks welcome you aboard. This is the first of many ships. You will be our honoured guests and our friends.
(Cheering.)

(Sonic screwdriver in operation.)
ASHA GRYVERN: You're awake. How is that possible?
THE DOCTOR: Fit and well, no thanks to you. Fascinating conversation you had.
ASHA GRYVERN: You won't get through that door. I've examined it. It is one of the most...
THE DOCTOR: Sophisticated locking systems I've ever seen. This may take a few minutes.
ASHA GRYVERN: Come away from there, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I thought you wanted this door open. Unless you've been lying. Unless you knew it was here all along. Unless you have the access code. No? Then I'll just get on with it, shall I?
ASHA GRYVERN: The Daleks have landed Surely they are the most pressing problem right now?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, they are. Unfortunately there's nothing I can do right now to keep the lambs out of the wolf's den.
(Sonic screwdriver stopped.)
THE DOCTOR: But I've been taking a good look at this place, Asha Gryvern, and I've begun to wonder if there isn't more to Professor Martez's work than I first imagined.

(Jubilant crowd.)
LUCIE MILLER: Over here! Hey! Mr Dalek? Over here! Oh, it's no use, Cardwell. They aren't coming anywhere near us.
DALEK: Stay in line. The first selection is being made. Stay in line.
TOM CARDWELL: Look at those things. They're like one-man tanks, weapons of war. Why can't people see it? Why ... what ... what is it you're doing?
LUCIE MILLER: Getting some attention.
TOM CARDWELL: By exposing yourself?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, don't exaggerate. I'm just sliding my top down a bit. Everyone else is in furs and scarves. Used to two suns, I reckon. Gives me the advantage. Yeah, yeah, over here. Yoo-hoo!
TOM CARDWELL: It's alien, Lucie, a monster.
LUCIE MILLER: Still, worth a try. You don't know what they're like inside those ... Hang on. That woman up there. Is that who I think it is? Is that...?
DALEK: Clear the way for Acting President Eileen Klint. All humans must clear the way for Acting President Eileen Klint.

LUCIE MILLER: Hey! Hey, wait up there!
(Protesting voices from the crowd of "Hey!" "Oi!" "Do you mind?")
LUCIE MILLER: That's my friend you're with. Hey, Eileen!
DALEK: Are you familiar with the young female?
EILEEN KLINT: I don't think it ... No, wait. I do recognise her. We met this afternoon. She ... Well, she isn't a close friend exactly, but she did help me. She and her ... er, driver, I think he was. The Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Eileen! You remember me, don't you? Lucie. From the car crash.
DALEK: Doctor?

(Sonic screwdriver in operation.)
ASHA GRYVERN: How do you suppose it would feel to be like them?
THE DOCTOR: Like the Daleks? I shouldn't think you'd feel much at all.
ASHA GRYVERN: Never to be afraid again.
THE DOCTOR: Or perhaps to be afraid of everything.
ASHA GRYVERN: Never to know pain. These weak sacks of flesh have had their day.
THE DOCTOR: That's an ... interesting perspective, Asha. Aha.
(Door opens.)
ASHA GRYVERN: You've unlocked it.
THE DOCTOR: The door to all the secrets you've been seeking.

(Interior of Dalek ship.)
DALEK: Acting President Klint of planet Red Rocket Rising, welcome to my command deck. I am the Dalek Supreme.
EILEEN KLINT: Yes, erm ... It - it's an honour to meet you, erm, sir, and to be here.
(Hum of device operating.)
EILEEN KLINT: Is that ... is that Red Rocket Rising?
DALEK 2: It is a holographic display of our position in space based on data collated by Dalek Command.
EILEEN KLINT: Your technology is decades ahead of ours.
DALEK: Perhaps, when our people are allies, we can share that technology.
EILEEN KLINT: I'd like to think we were allies already. You're doing so much for us...
DALEK: Then in the name of our alliance, the Daleks would make a request of you.
EILEEN KLINT: Anything.
DALEK: The Doctor.
EILEEN KLINT: The Doctor?
DALEK 2: He is an enemy of the Dalek race, a terrorist. His actions have claimed hundreds of thousands of Dalek lives.
EILEEN KLINT: Hundreds of ...? I...
DALEK: The Doctor must be...! ... He must stand trial on charges of insurgency and genocide. If you wish to be our ally, Acting President Klint, you will extradite him into our custody.
EILEEN KLINT: I ... I ... don't know. I didn't expect ... There'd have to be a hearing of course. Would he face the death penalty, for example. Because I couldn't countenance...
DALEK: The Doctor is an enemy of the Daleks.
DALEK 2: You are an ally of the Daleks.
DALEK: It is your duty to surrender the Doctor to us. You have asked for help, Acting President Klint. In return, we expect your co-operation.

(Door rising. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey! Stop prodding me with that plunger! I'm not moving another step until you tell me what the hell...
DALEK: You will enter the cell.
LUCIE MILLER: Cell? W-why are you putting me in a cell? I thought...
DALEK: You are an associate of the Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. I knew this would be down to him somehow.
DALEK: You will be confined until he can be located.
LUCIE MILLER: Why?
DALEK: Move!
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ow! You little...

DALEK: Obey the Daleks or suffer the consequences!
LUCIE MILLER: Tom Cardwell was right about you lot.
DALEK: Stand back from the doorway.
LUCIE MILLER: Stand back? I can hardly even stand up!
DALEK: Force-field activated.
(Noise of force field.)
LUCIE MILLER: Look, the Doctor ... I don't even know him, not really. He's just someone I hitched a ride with.
(Cell door being closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey! Come back here, dome-head! I want to see your boss! Hoi! Get me the chief Dalek right now!

(Walking into room. Bubbling of liquids.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh Asha, so this is the life's work of Professor Martez. And I have a feeling that you knew about this all along.
ASHA GRYVERN: Look at these readings. The beings in the gestation tanks are viable, almost ready for rebirth.
THE DOCTOR: Beings? Don't you realise what these are?
ASHA GRYVERN: Do you?
THE DOCTOR: Dalek mutants, hundreds of them, incubating in the very shells that will isolate them, but why?
ASHA GRYVERN: When I first saw the Daleks, I saw our future.
THE DOCTOR: You? I see. The crashed ship, the one Tom Cardwell saw all those years ago.
ASHA GRYVERN: Who the hell's Tom Cardwell?
THE DOCTOR: And you borrowed its technology, didn't you? Maybe even found a Dalek or two in the wreckage, dead but intact. And you began to turn human beings into creatures like them. You did that. I'm right, aren't I ... Professor Martez?
ASHA GRYVERN: No-one mourned my death, Doctor. Those idiots in the Senate would have brought back the death penalty if I hadn't suffered that tragic fatal stroke before the trial. And how fortunate it was that my faithful assistant was by my side.
THE DOCTOR: You effected a brain wave transfer.
ASHA GRYVERN: The work had to go on. I knew the time would come. I was prepared. And Asha Gryvern was only a lowly minion. She was only obeying orders. She had no idea of my real plans.
THE DOCTOR: And what are your real plans, Martez?
(Different Dalek voices.)
DALEK 1: Brain wave scan confirms identity.
DALEK 2: Welcome back, Professor Martez.
DALEK 3: Welcome back, Creator.
DALEK 2: Brain wave scans detect alien being. Who is this?
ASHA GRYVERN: I'm not really sure. But he ... disapproves. Would you say that's a fair appraisal of your position, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: A gross understatement of it.
ASHA GRYVERN: Then deal with him as you see fit.
DALEKS: Kill him! Kill him!
(The sound of Dalek guns firing.)